

WOODROW AND THE BEAN-STALK.



For President: WOODROW WILSON of New Jersey.

For Vice-President: THOMAS R. MARSHALL of Indiana.

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PUCK
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Cartoons and Comments

OVER THE HILLS TO THE POORHOUSE.

HALLOWE'EN is a great time for bogies, and of all bogies that we wot of the Free-Trade Bogey is perhaps the biggest. See how the Stand-Pat boys are flaunting it, hoping thereby to scare the American people. They have been waving it all through the present campaign, and every now and then President TAFT himself has quit golf long enough to give it a shake. In simplified form, the Free-Trade Bogey amounts to this: (1) Our country, in the event of Free Trade, would be a poverty-stricken bankrupt. (2) Our country would be swamped, literally inundated, with foreign-made goods. There you have the Free-Trade Bogey in its horrid, spine-chilling form. The United States would be bankrupt. It would be swamped with foreign goods. It would be bankrupt, we presume, because the foreign goods would drive all goods of home manufacture out of the market. Likewise, we presume, it would be swamped with foreign goods because all home manufactures would be driven out of existence. There is only one flaw in this doleful piece of reasoning. If, as a people, we were down and out, how could we afford to buy things? Free trade means free exchange of products. The foreign-made goods with which we would be "swamped" would not come here as gifts from European philanthropists. They would come here in exchange for products of ours, and they would continue to come only so long as we grew or produced things that foreign nations wanted in their business. Dear, dear! How could we grow or produce these things if, as a nation, we were bankrupt? But, on the other hand, how could we be bankrupt so long as we produced these things? We are not going to have Free Trade for a while yet, because the Government needs money for revenue and a certain amount of tariff is necessary to raise it. Free Trade, however, between Indians and Colonists gave this country the initial boost toward prosperity, and Free Trade between the States of the Union keeps it prosperous. We mention the fact to help quiet those whom the Free-Trade Bogey has scared, and fortunately they are not nearly so numerous or as panicky as they were some years ago.

ROOSEVELT LOCKJAW GUARDED AGAINST

THIS is a fac-simile headline from the *New York Evening Journal*, twenty-four hours after ROOSEVELT was shot. It shows in what straits of embarrassment the Colonel's excellent condition and rapid progress toward recovery put the yellow journalist. The yellow journalist has no use for news when it is cheerful. It is bad news which sells papers. The suggestion of Lockjaw was too full of commercial possibilities to miss. As Mr. BRISBANE frequently points out, the yellow journal is a powerful force for good in the community.

AMONG the best friends that Socialists have are their enemies. This is borne out by the case of the Rev. Dr. LUNN, Socialist Mayor of Schenectady, and recent guest of the sheriff of Little Falls. Dr. LUNN wished to make a speech in Little Falls, but the sheriff ruled otherwise.

Dr. LUNN was a Socialist and would doubtless "preach Socialistic doctrines." The result is well known by all readers of newspapers. Dr. LUNN was arrested, went to jail, and raised the cry that the constitutional guarantee of free speech was n't worth the paper it was printed on if things like this could be. If the sheriff of Little Falls had permitted Dr. LUNN to make his speech, which he would have done to perhaps a few hundred persons who had nothing in particular to do at the time, there would have been no fuss and no newspaper publicity. None of the big newspapers the country over would have bothered to quote anything that Dr. LUNN might have said. Few newspapers report Socialist meetings, except the very important ones that can't be overlooked, and the Socialist meeting at Little Falls would not have been honored with half a line. Enter the sheriff with a gag, shift the scene to the jail, and Little Falls got columns and columns, and Dr. LUNN got sympathy from thousands of persons who probably never heard of him before.



THE RIVAL MOONS.

THE GREAT IDEA.



IT WAS a great idea that the medical men had propounded. Everybody thought so—at least everybody who was anybody. Mr. Fatchops himself gave a hundred thousand dollars, and there were plenty of other contributions that were almost as big. In fact, the grand total was so large that many people believed the whole thing only a newspaper story—till the Great Exodus itself really began.

From Third-Floor Backs and Fourth-Floor Backs, and from all sorts of backs and lofts and basements, they poured. From dirty, dust-choked factories, from sweaters' hells, from rotten tenements, from wherever the White Plague lurks and thrives—yes, from a hundred thousand foul roosts, they hurried to the place set aside for them by the

Fund—the great High Place—the big Out-of-doors Place—the place with unlimited eggs and fountains of milk and regiments of nurses and doctors and attendants.

The Doctors worked hard, and their results were results to be proud of. Ninety per cent. of the people who went to the Out-door Place were cured—were made as sound and hard as new-built locomotives.

"Now," said the Medical Men, taking a long breath, "we have solved that problem. Every single case of Tuberculosis in the country is disposed of." And they turned back to look at the ramshackle dens which they had fumigated two years before.

What they saw frightened them.

Every case removed by the Great Exodus had only given way to another case. The well had swarmed into the niches deserted by the sick, and, in spite of fumigation and printed rules, every dark corner held a victim even as before.

The Medical Men wrinkled their foreheads, and this time—though you may not believe it—this time they had a real idea.

"It is not enough," they announced, "to isolate those who have the disease—we must abolish the conditions that create the disease. Come,



THE NEW DOG—A DISAPPOINTER.

Mr. Fatchops, how much will you give toward our new fund to abolish dark rooms, filthy factories, under-nourishment, and poverty generally?"

"How much?" repeated Mr. Fatchops, looking up from his rent-roll. "How much? Gentlemen, I honor the medical profession. I think it is the noblest and finest profession open to man. And you are the true heroes of civilization. Here is a million dollars. Now stop bothering about things you don't understand, and run away to Africa and cure the Sleeping Sickness."

Horatio Winslow.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

THERE is a wise injunction in the Bible on the shelf

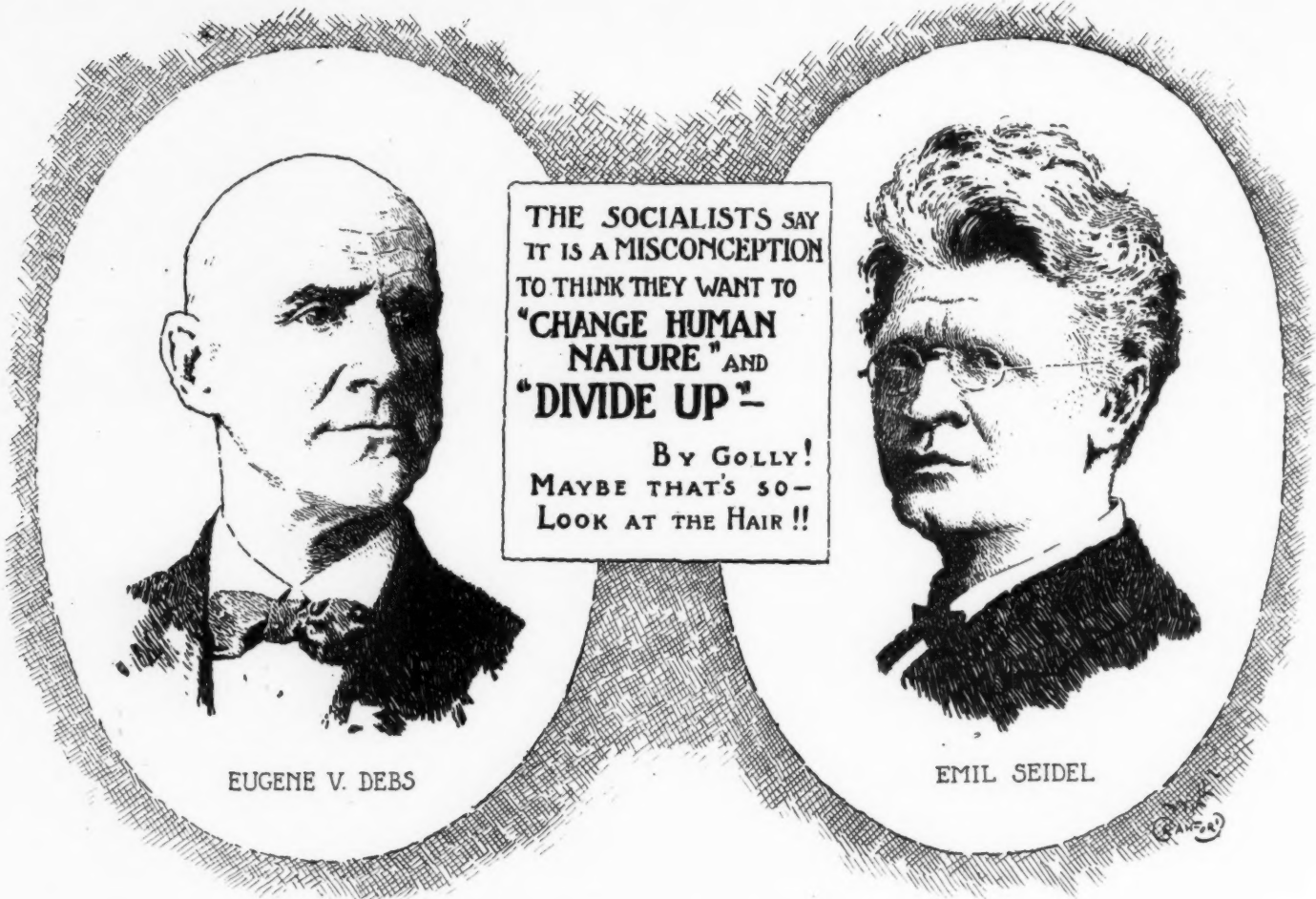
That we should love our neighbor even as we love ourself;
But when he has an old cornet and blows wild spasms through it,
It's mighty hard to do it, Lord! It's mighty hard to do it!

COURAGE is where it is easy for a man to do a heroic deed. Nerve is where a man can do a heroic deed even though he is scared about to death.



"THAT REMINDS ME."

PEDESTRIAN.—By Jove! That reminds me I've got a date with the dentist!



PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



GREAT STUFF.

HAT do you think? I've written a Grand Opera. It looked easy, but it wasn't; just the same I stuck to the job, and it's a wonderful little piece of artistry—believe me.

You see, Gwynth (get on to these names—are n't they grandopery right from the overture on?)—Gwynth loves Hertl, but old Brchq, her father, is the King, and he wants her to marry Yglw. That's the reason that Strth—she's her sister—comes on in the first act and sings:

"Where red beams on the hills so fair the dawn."

How's that? I tell you I had to work to get that line. I was prompted to write the blame thing

"Where the dawn beams red on the fair hills,"

but just in time I remembered that this was Grand Opera.

But then that is n't a sixteenth note compared with what Tholsprwx sings in Act Two.

You see, the scene is a cave, and all you get is the light from the forge. This is his big line:

"Cling! Clang! Of the armorer on the anvil resonates the hammer!"

Great!—don't you think? I've studied these librettoes till I know just the sort of stuff that sets 'em crazy.

But the real hit will be where Jktphrew has the soprano solo in Act the Next:

"Why me hast forsaken thou?"

Can you beat it? And the music is just as good. There are two extra wash-boilers and a



CIGARETTE VARIETY.

UNCLE EBEN.—I must be a kind of a handsome cuss after all, Nancy.

AUNT NANCY.—Pshaw! What ever put that into your head, Eben?

UNCLE EBEN.—The way people was begging for my photo the last time I went to New York. Every little kid I met yelled: "Hey, Mister! Got any pictures?"

compressed-air riveter in the orchestra, and four members of Stonebreakers' Union Number 48 are going to beat the drums.

In the last act Squirthyl kills Gwynth, and Hertl kills her, and Strth takes poison and Brchq kills Hertl. Tholsprwx and Yglw and a couple of others are dead already, so the only person left on the stage is Jktphrew. She grabs hold of Brchq and jumps into the furnace with him just as the curtain goes down.

Then the holder of the lucky-seat number is allowed to kill the leader of the orchestra.

It's going to be a winner. If it isn't, I'll eat every darn volume of Richard Wagner's autobiography.

Horatio Winslow.

SATISFACTION.

THE butler was buying some fine peaches.

"We've been selling them at a dollar a dozen," said the merchant, "but we'll make them two dollars a dozen to you. Then your commission will be ten cents instead of five."

The butler thanked him, but shook his head. "I'd have to rebate two cents instead of one to the lady of the house," he objected.

"And still," urged the merchant, "you'd be four cents to the good."

"And is the satisfaction of beating that old cat out of a penny worth nothing?" demanded the butler feelingly.

Showing that butlers, contrary to the common opinion, have souls.

The same opportunities that make a lion of one man may lead his neighbor to make an ass of himself.

THE HAUGHTY HABERDASHER.



FOR a haughty haberdasher
Mamie had a tender passion;
He was noted as a masher,
And he dressed in faultless fashion;
Mamie looked at him and yearned,
But her love he lightly spurned,
For so many others teased him
While he eagerly pursued them,
And so many others pleased him
With their praises while he wooed them.

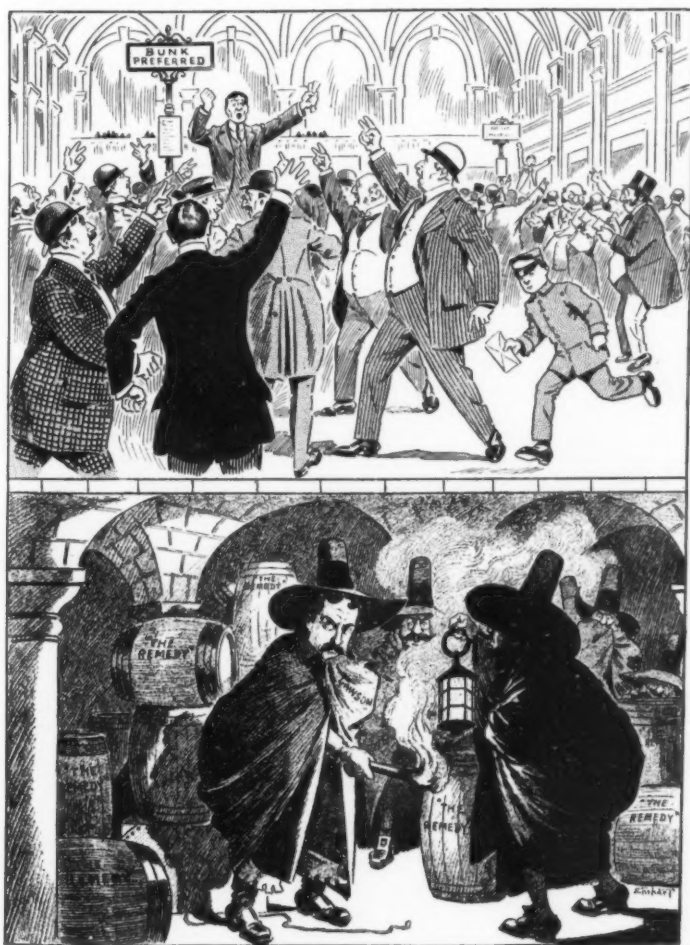
Mamie often, in a flutter,
Waited where she might behold him;
Thinking things she dared not utter,
With the heroes she enrolled him;
But, ignoring all her sighs
And the love-light in her eyes,
He permitted her to languish,
And, to other maidens kneeling,
Told the story of his anguish
With commercial grace and feeling.

Mamie, in her desperation,
Turned from ribbons and from laces
And secured a situation
In a chorus—of all places!
She was beautiful in tights,
But, with hopes on nobler heights,
She became a girl to rave o'er;
And it happened that upon a
Day when luck was in her favor
She became a prima donna.

He that in a former season
Smiled on others and ignored her,
Sought her and, bereft of reason,
Swore he always had adored her;
But she scorned the soulful pleas
That he made upon his knees—
Scorned him for a stage-door masher
On whose fingers gems were flashing,
And the once gay haberdasher
Still is sadly haberdashing.

S. E. Kiser.

THE FOOL-KILLER seemingly does no better, in spite of the vast spread of education, showing that his difficulty has not been a matter of identification merely.



GUY FAWKES LAWSON;
OR, THE GUNPOWDER PLOT IN WALL STREET.



TROPHIES OF THE CHASE.

THE BEAGLE.—Well, say! She's some hunter!!

ON CELL WALLS.

A MAN was locked up in the San Francisco jail on the charge of petty larceny. When he was arraigned in court a second charge was preferred against him by the authorities—malicious mischief. In explaining this added misdemeanor, the jail guard said that during his stay in the jail the prisoner had scratched his name upon the walls of the cell, and the court was even asked to look at the little gold pin with which the damage was done, and some of the paint which was scratched off. The account does not state what view the judge took of the awful second crime, but presumably, since these are days of harsh punishment for small offenses, it went hard with the prisoner.

This, let us submit, is laying it on a bit strong. When the prisoner scratched his name on the wall of the cell he was obeying a natural impulse and following a tradition which, long before the days of the Prisoner of Chillon, had become fixed. You pay a franc to see the names of incarcerated revolutionists upon the walls of French prisons. They are important documents. They say: "Here was I. Here I lay, and the sun and stars saw me not. I was hungered for the sight of men. I called, and there was silence. Yet the spirit of life was in me and wrote my name upon these walls, and though I now am not, the name is here, and remains to tell my fate." One franc, please, and keep moving. Another tourist party is entering on the left. Thank you.

And yet, for writing his name on the walls of the San Francisco jail, this man is charged with malicious mischief. Pshaw! Why should n't he write or scratch his name there? When you go to jail (if you do) you enter a brotherhood of very great numbers and importance. You may be innocent or you may be guilty—but there is one great link between you and the rest, innocent or guilty—you are in jail. It is an experience worth a record. Vacationists write their names in each other's autograph albums, celebrating the slight occasion of an outing. Why, then, should not a prisoner scratch his name upon the cell for the next prisoner to read, and the next, and the next? It is the roster of bad fortune—mighty consoling to the occupant of a cell, saying: "Cheer up, Bill! There were others."



NOWADAYS when a publisher has a book that does n't sell very well, he re-issues it in a "limited edition," charges three times the former price, and then sits down and watches the collectors rush in for a copy.

The Lament of Bingo McCarthy

By Horatio Winslow

COME all ye fat puppies and bow-legged bulls,
For the tale I'll relate at me heart-strings it pulls;
I look like a furriner (black be me shame!)
But, oh! 't was from Newark, New Jersey, I came.
(Bark) Wow!

Me legs were as strong as a butcher-shop's bone;
Me tail was cocked up with a curl of its own;
Me chest it was full, and me head held upright
With a mouth like a cave, and the teeth clean and white.
(Howl) Ow-w-w-w-w-w-w-wow!

I lived at McCarthy's, and fine did I live
On the best of the land that McCarthy could give,
By the fire at McCarthy's I'd stretch me and roll—
Ochone for the day whin I want for a stroll!
(Bay) Ow-w-w-wo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

A man with a diamond he whistled to me;
I thought, "Will I bite him?" "Come closer," says he,
"And I'll give you some sausage and cakes on the side,—
And a collar so fine you'll forget that you're tied."
Wow!

Oh, many's the time that I've let fall the tear
For leavin' me friends and companions so dear
Just to put on a collar of leather and tin
And folley a man with a glass diamond pin!
Ow-w-w-w-wow!

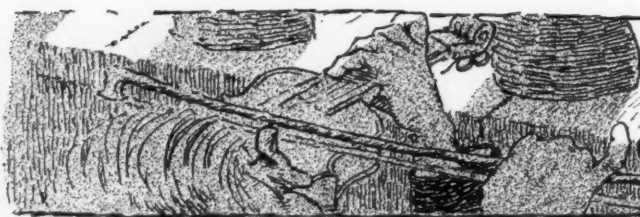
For niver since thin have I looked on me home,
But over the country forever I roam;
And me name's never called by its own proper sound,
For they bill me as "Ivan—the Rooshian Bloodhound."
Ow-w-w-w-w-wo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

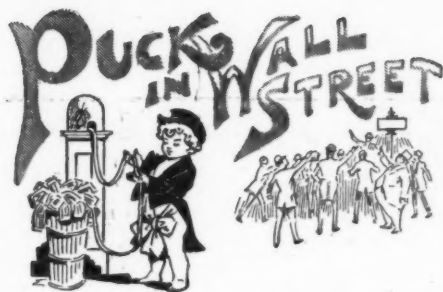
Though whin I was tinder and young for me age
I niver did think for to go on the stage;
Yet now, for to please all the folks with the price,
Each evenin' I'm there chasin' girls acrost ice.
Wow!

And ivery foine mornin' I'm in the peerade
With a chain on me collar to show that me trade
Is bein' a Bloodhound for Johnson & Co.
In their swell Number Two Uncle Tom's Cabin Show.
Ow-w-w-w-wow!

So all ye young puppies just listen to me:
Don't take stranger sausage if you would be free;
But weep for the fate of that gallant young soul—
Poor Bingo McCarthy, the dog that was stole.
Ow-w-w-wo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

—As
sung by
all good
dogs
when the
night is
cold and
the Moon
is full





NAPOLEON, or somebody like that, supposed to know all about it, once said that in war the Lord was on the side of the combatant with the longest purse. And if that was true a hundred years ago it's infinitely more true to-day, when the battles that really count are fought in mahogany-finished counting-rooms. The Servian and the Montenegrin can come swarming down out of their mountains in warlike array; a thousand homing Greek hotel-waiters and fruit-peddlers can shake the Statue of Liberty with their fierce cries of "Nike e thanatos!" The Turk can grab his scimitar and rush to the defense of the Prophet, but—and this with a capital B—there can be nothing doing until somebody puts up the money. The "Nike e thanatos" part of it is all very well, and so is the "defense of the Prophet;" but soldiers have a bad habit of wanting to be paid and equipment of costing money. The Turk and his friends can "mobilize" to their hearts' content, and howl defiance at each other across the mountains till they're blue in the face; but until somebody "comes across" with a substantial amount of money, nobody can really start anything anywhere.

The Purse Behind the Guns.

Now, the one thing that the first-class Powers don't want to see is something really started in southeastern Europe—not one of them has anything to gain, and every one of them has a whole lot to lose. And it is these very Powers which hold the whip-hand, because it is from them, and from them only, that the people who are trying to make all the trouble have any chance of getting the money to go ahead. So, what we don't see is, why the big Powers simply don't get together and agree to turn a deaf ear to the demands for money of these would-be belligerents?

Some one starts a fire in the next yard, and it spreads and threatens to burn up your home. After a while, when you're good and nervous, the man whose fire it is comes over to see you and wants to borrow a big can of gasoline. The question is n't what you say. The question is merely as to the degree of strength with which you say it.

GOOD work is sometimes appreciated in this world. Not so very long ago the man who is perhaps most prominent in newspaperdom started out

to get a financial editor for his principal paper. To that end he read the financial pages of all the prominent daily papers several days in succession, making up his mind that when he found the "stuff" he was looking for he would go get the man who wrote it by offering him a salary he could n't refuse.

The thing finally settled down to the writer of the daily stock-market "story" on one paper and the writer of a column of financial paragraphs on another. The magnate wrote to both publications asking them to send around the man responsible for the material in question.

It turned out to be the same man.

CHECKS are all right, but the use of real money has its advantages, too—it's a lot easier, for instance, to draw a check for some foolish purpose than it is to hand over a nice wad of crisp bank-notes. Suppose there were a law that all margins had to be put up in the form of cash—the bills to be fresh and clean and in denominations of not over ten dollars. That five hundred extra that you had to

put up on your Steel the other day would have looked bigger to you then than it did—might have looked so much bigger, in fact, that you would n't have put it up at all, and so have been just that much better off.

A CONSOLIDATED EXCHANGE house with offices on the top floor of one of the New Street rookeries has among its regular customers the rector of a well-known uptown church whose

The Right Man in the Right Place.

genial personality makes him a great favorite with those who frequent the place.

One morning not long ago this "sporting parson" came in, and, almost without looking at the tape, gave an order to buy a hundred Union Pacific. Ten minutes later, when the stock was up a point-and-a-quarter, he sold out, his profit amounting to an even hundred dollars.

The minister chuckled to himself as he glanced at the sales-notice. "Jim," he said to the cashier, "give me a check for that hundred, will you? Or, better yet, bring me a nice clean bill."

The cashier went out. A minute later he came back with the "century" and started to hand it to the reverend one, just then engaged in the act of putting on his coat. "Put it down there on the table," that worthy said. "Can't you see that both my hands are busy?"

The cashier did, and just at that moment a gust of air caught the crisp bill and whirled it out of the window, down on the heads of the crowd far below. Together they watched it disappear as a ball, batted for a home-run in the ninth, disappears in the bleachers.

The minister straightened up and looked around the room with mock seriousness. "Brethren," he said, "the Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Franklin.

ECONOMY.

HER discovery, in its way, was not less than epochal.

"It is so easy to save when you know how!" she exclaimed. "Oh, so easy! Do I wish to save twenty-five dollars? Very well. I go down-town and find something I would like that costs twenty-five dollars, and then I don't buy it. Nothing could be simpler."

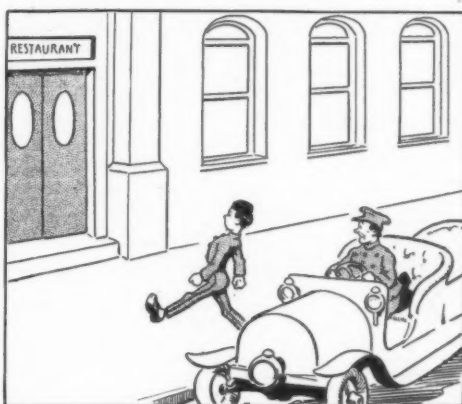
She did not deny, however, that her method involved a sacrifice.

"But if the sacrifice is too painful," she went on to explain, "I go and find something my husband would like that costs thirty-five dollars, and don't buy that!"

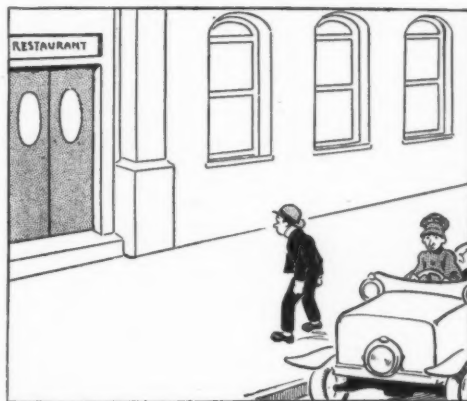
NEVER place too much confidence in yourself; there is no one you more frequently deceive.

THEY ALL HAVE MONEY.

DID WE SAY ALL? YES; ALL BUT ONE.



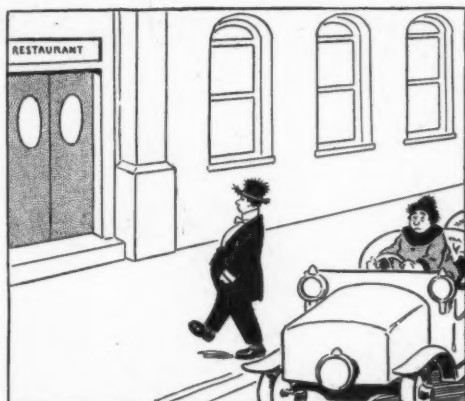
ARRIVAL OF THE HAT-BOY.



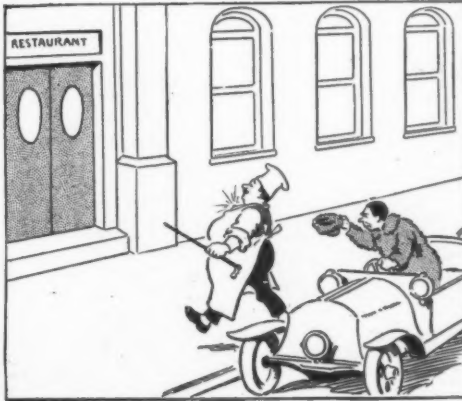
ARRIVAL OF THE OMNIBUS.



ARRIVAL OF THE WAITER.



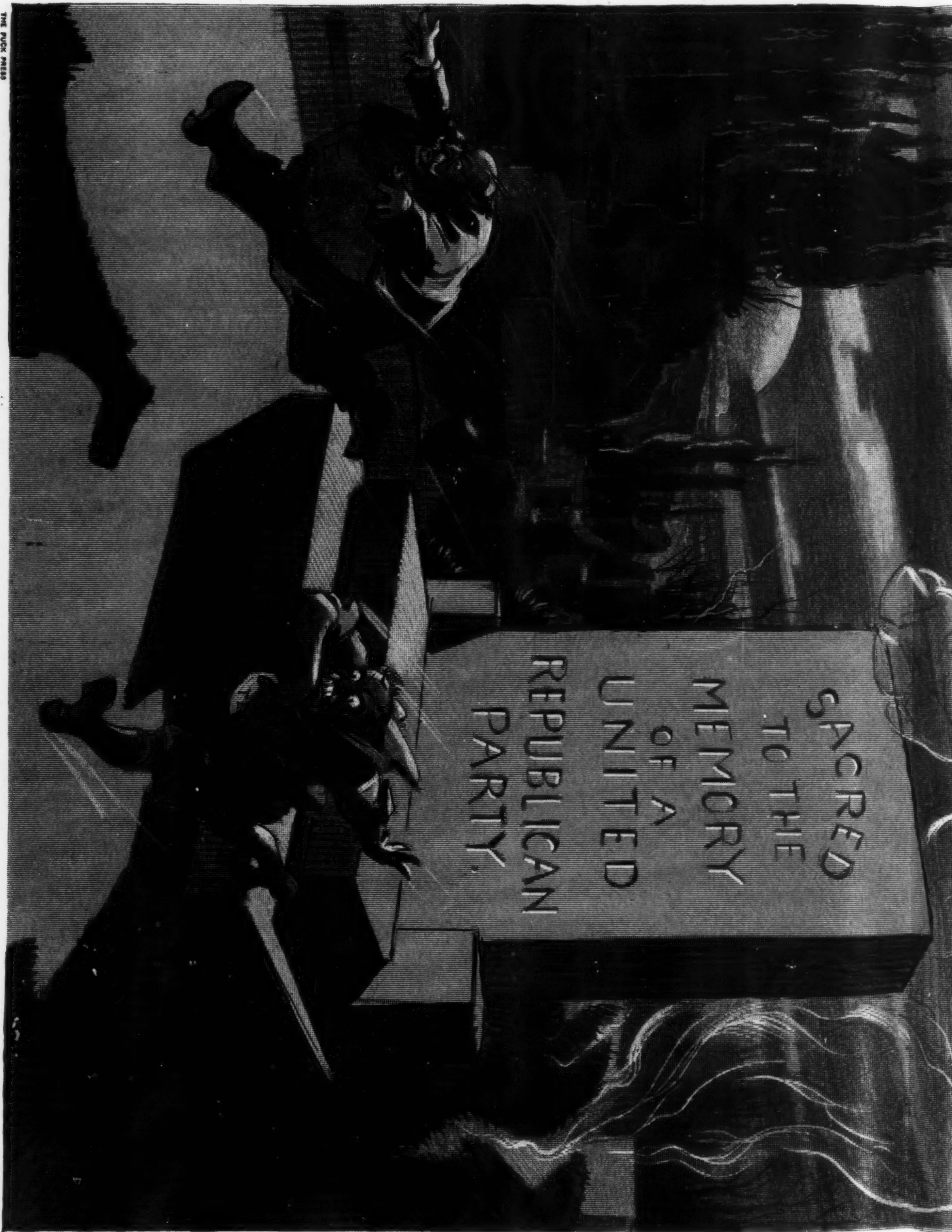
ARRIVAL OF THE HEAD-WAITER.



ARRIVAL OF THE CHEF.



ARRIVAL OF THE PROPRIETOR.



THE PUCK PRESS

"IT'S COMIN' AFTER US!"
A GRAVEYARD IS NO PLACE TO BE ON HALLOWE'EN.

PUCK



THE HONEST STONECUTTER.

THEY ordered a tombstone to place o'er the head
Of a brother whom all had adored;
And, linked to a hand that was pointing, it said:
"He has gone to his final reward."
But instead of denoting a home up on high
In the realms of unspeakable bliss,
The marble man made a mistake, and, oh my!
It pointed straight downward like this:

HOW TO KILL TAMMANY.

THE best way to kill Tammany is make a personal attack
upon Charley Murphy.

This is reasonable because we all know that Charley
Murphy founded Tammany, and that if it wasn't for
Charley, Tammany would fly apart into pieces the size of
emery powder.

And besides, Charley is the man who first introduced
graft, poverty, and crime
into the world.

Charley discovered
New York, laid
out the streets so
that there would
be a congested
district, and then
wrote the tax-
ation laws that make
it stay congested.

Anybody so poor that
he is willing to hire out as
a vote-sluggor or ballot-box
stuffer was made poor by
Charley. We all know that.

All the eight hundred thousand
young men in New York who are
looking for soft political jobs would
have gone on shoveling slag twelve
hours a day if Charley hadn't put
bad thoughts into their heads.

In fact, Charley is the man who
spoiled the crops, brought on the
panic, imported the gypsy moth,
and struck Billy Patterson. Worst of all, Charley never did a day's work
in his life. He was born with gold-frame eyeglasses, and his first shirt
was made of thousand-dollar bills. He lives on an estate in England and
never meets the plain people of this beautiful and enlightened country.

Now, there are three ways of attacking Charley—all of them effective.
The first is to get your cartoonist to picture him in prison stripes.
This is very chaste and neat and scores you seven points each time.

The second way is to have your cartoonist draw him enormously fat,
squint-eyed, and with a vest
full of dollar signs.

And the third way is to
refer to him in all your
political articles as "the
saloon-keeper boss." This
is a positive knockout.

Any man who spends his
working hours throwing
bricks at Charley Murphy
may climb into the hay at
night feeling that he has
done a good day's work.

If it wasn't for Charley
the Hudson River would
flow pure Ginger Ale and
Fruit Cake would grow on
all the trees from Bronx
Park to the Battery.

Horatio Winslow.

ALL the world's a stage,
and most of the people
you see are looking
for "comps."

IMPOSSIBLE FICTION: A
Western story without a
character named Shorty in it.



IN A TENDER SPOT.

MOTHER EUROPE.—Oh, the poor child! I should n't wonder if
a pin were sticking in him!

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

TIME was when you could get a woman to do all your housework and
tend to the garden and milk nine cows night and morning, and do
it for two dollars a week and be glad to get the money. Where have
they gone to?

Time was when you could get a man to cut wood for seventy-five
cents a cord, and when a dollar a day was n't paid to anybody except in
harvest time. Look at things now!

Time was when a day's work meant to be up by candle-light doing
chores and eating supper by candle-light after the evening chores was
finished. And I'm talking about summer—not winter.

Time was when you could go to the County and get a boy to work
for you for his keep. He was bound out to you till he was eighteen,
and if he run away you could bring him back and lick the nonsense
out'n him. If you want a
boy these days them people
will ask you as many
questions as if you was
selling a horse.

Sometimes when I look at
this here country that I've
give my whole life to—so
to speak—I wonder if it's
reely an' truly paid. I tell
you I dunno.

AMBITIONS.

CHILDISH.—To rescue
Her from a sudden
and a horrid death and to
die doing it.

YOUNG MANLY.—To
live alone with Her on a
Desert Island from Now
till Kingdom Come.

MANLY.—Never to let
Her know that you're
bored.

OLD MANLY.—To be
sued for a million dollars
for alienating the affections
of the local Cleopatra.



INCIDENT OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

WHILE IN THE BOOTH SHE REMEMBERED SHE HAD LEFT A CAKE IN THE OVEN.



IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

WHEN A FELLOW GETS BALD.



AS AGE creeps upon us we try to stay young
And frisky as long as we can,
And show to the world by both action and tongue
We yet are a mighty good man.
We laugh at gray hairs as a token of age,
But look in the mirror appalled
As we find we are facing that worrying stage
When a fellow begins to get bald.

We blow in our money for tonics and creams,
We try all the lotions in sight,
But every preventive we plaster on seems
To hasten the hair in its flight.
We wear out our shoes on the specialist's stair,
Experts into council are called,
But every day adds to our burden of care
When a fellow begins to get bald.

We sit away back at the naughty display
Of limbs at the high-kicking show,
Through fear that our friends may inhumanly say
We've hit the old bald-headed row.
At night our once pleasant, delectable dreams
By visions of wigs are enthralled,
When waking the brain with keen misery teems
When a fellow begins to get bald.

Whenever we meet lady friends on the street
We blush when uplifting our hat,
And, though they may smile us a greeting most sweet,
We know they have got us down pat.
We seem to care little when to our reward
In the realms of the blest we are called,
For half of the pleasure of living seems floored
When a fellow begins to get bald!

James Barton Adams.

A LONG ROUTE.

WILLIS.—How do you suppose Jacob happened to see that ladder stretching up to heaven in his dream?

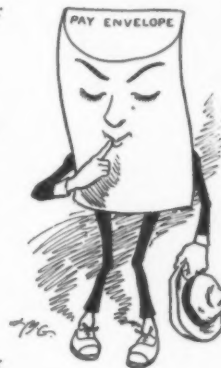
GILLIS.—He had probably spent all afternoon going up to his seats in Row ZZZ in the stands at some football game!

RARE PICTURES.

RADICAL changes in the national currency are promised by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. MacVeagh. The paper money is to be reduced in size about an inch in length and breadth, its designs systematized, and the number of varieties reduced from nineteen to nine. It is expected that the Treasury Department will assign the historical portraits to the notes as follows: \$1 note, Washington; \$2, Jefferson; \$5, Lincoln; \$10, Cleveland; \$20, Jackson; \$50, Grant; \$100, Franklin; \$500, Chase; \$1000, Hamilton. All of which promotes certain interesting reflections.

The portrait of Washington, if these plans are adopted, will become the national favorite. For some years to come it will probably be within the powers of the mass of Americans to possess—at least for a few minutes—one of these excellent engravings. Some will undoubtedly be able, by sheer self-discipline, to keep one or two pictures of Washington permanently in the house. Pictures of Jefferson will not be so plentiful, though they will be more cherished in popular imagination. The reason for this is, of course, that most persons will find it necessary to exchange the engraving of the author of the Declaration for something more necessary. They will be fortunate if they get a nice picture of Washington in its place. Lincoln's will be a face seen but for a stray moment or two—then to vanish into the wallet of the landlord or the grocer's till. Millions of our citizens will never look upon the beautiful engraving of Cleveland; more millions will regard stories of the picture of Jackson as pure invention. Perhaps some day a shrewd clothing dealer will put a picture of Grant—or even Franklin—in the show window for advertising purposes. Franklin and Chase will be known only among bankers, racing men, gamblers, and police lieutenants.

But Hamilton! Loneliest figure in the national currency! What did Hamilton do, or fail to do, that he should be immured from the public gaze forever; that his face should never be seen by common people on their currency? Who shall hope to look upon this specimen of the graver's art? Alas, only the connoisseurs.



EVEN the Optimist, who sees nothing but sunshine, will not wantonly lend his umbrella to a stranger.



AS IT SHOULD BE.

SHOPPER.—I want to buy a necktie suitable for my husband.

SALESMAN.—Sorry, madam, but we are not permitted to sell neckties to women who are unaccompanied by men.

Those who would travel the road to success should waste no time picking berries along the fence corners.

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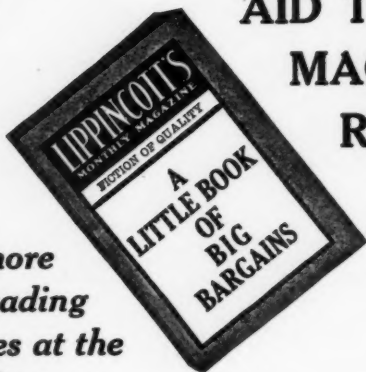
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A CLEVER BUNCH.

GABE. — Why do these Mexican rebels always have a battle every Sunday afternoon?

STEVE. — They know how scarce news is on Monday morning. — *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

SHE. — Did they offer you any choice at the missionary bureau as to where you should be sent?

HE. — Yes, and I told them I'd prefer to go some place where the natives were vegetarians. — *Boston Transcript*.

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MUSICIAN (to his bride, who kisses him in the dark on the point of the nose). — An octave lower, my darling. — *Evening Sun*.

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The goodness in Pears' Soap is an antidote for all bad complexions.

For goodness sake use Pears'.

Sold in America and elsewhere.

OUT HUNTING.

The hunting season's open now.

Bang, bang!

Was that an ibex or a cow?

Bang, bang!

It was a gnu as like as not,

And they are rather hard to pot,

But anyhow I'll try a shot.

Bang, bang!

I want a tiger or a moose.

Bang, bang!

And so I turn my gatling loose.

Bang, bang!

Much shot and powder I expend;

To get a fat deer, I intend;

I only get a dear old friend.

Bang, bang! — *Courier-Journal*.

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POLLY OF THE CIRCUS; OR, THE WONDERFUL TRAINER.

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it: insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

INDIANA LATIN.

Mayor Lew Shank, of Indianapolis, went down-State a time ago and registered at a local hotel as "L. Harvey."

"Lew," said a friend, "why don't you use your own name?"

"Oh," Shanks is said to have replied, "sometimes when a man is in public life he has to use another name, because if he uses his own name a lot of people who want things would be pestering him to death. It's a perfectly good scheme. Lots of us prominent politicians sometimes travel nux vomica." — *Saturday Evening Post*.



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MR. GOTHAM.—Yes, I know. That's the gas-man.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER—!



THE STEWARD.—Can I do anything for your wife, sir?

THE CURATE.—It is n't my wife; I don't know who it is—po-or dear.—*The Sketch.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PROUD MOTHER.—Such enormous sums as we've spent on Clara's voice! SYMPATHETIC VISITOR.—And you can really do nothing for it?—*Bystander.*

IMPROVEMENT.

The father, anxious to impress his offspring with a spirit of thankfulness, repeated at the supper-table, as he had often done before:

"Remember, children, when I was a boy I often went to bed hungry and seldom had a square meal."

"Well, that shows how much better off you are since you have known us," replied little Willie, who was tired of hearing about it.—*Harper's Magazine.*

GOOD BUSINESS.

"I saw that man gazing into your eyes," said Maud.

"Yes," replied Mamie. "I felt complimented until I learned that he was studying to be an oculist. I had the same disappointing experience with a young dentist who was always anxious to make me smile."—*Wash. Star.*

A POOR JOB.

"What do you think of this Government ownership idea, Weary?"

"My experience makes me agin it."

"Your experience?"

"Yes. De Gov'ment runs de jails, don't dey? Well, de way dey does it don't make no hit wid me."—*Boston Transcript.*

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SUPERFLUOUS WEALTH.

"I have four English men-servants," said Gobsa Golde, on the terrace of his marble cottage at Newport—"four English men-servants whose sole duty it is to look after my sea-bathing."

He cleared his throat pompously and continued:

"The first has charge of my bathing suits, the second takes care of the bath-houses and the showers, and the third, in a small boat, acts as a kind of life-guard to me."

"But the fourth—what does the fourth do?" a listener asked.

"Oh, he takes my bath! Sea-bathing always has a depressing effect on my heart."—*Washington Star.*

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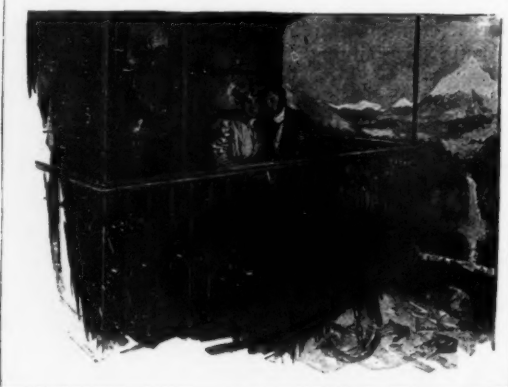
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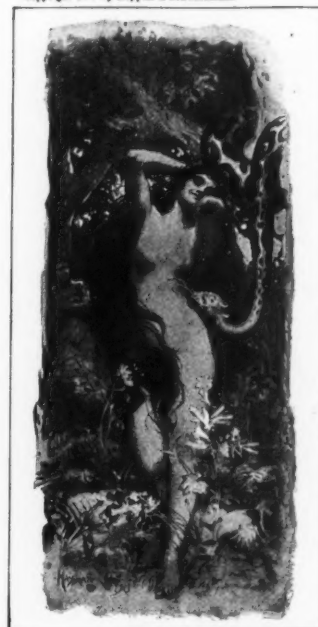
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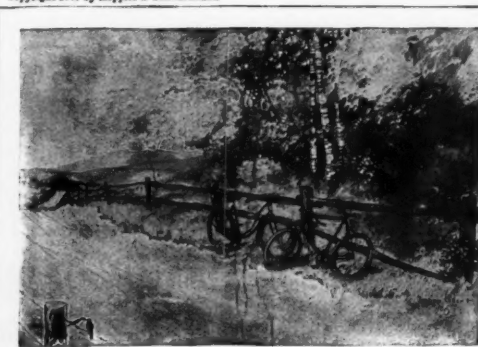
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MR. FRANKLEIGH.—I have a nervous headache to-night.

MISS QUEELER.—I've heard that music will cure anything of a nervous origin. Shall I sing for you?

MR. FRANKLEIGH.—Oh, it does n't ache as bad as that.—*Musical Courier*.

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HE.—I can trace my ancestry back through nine generations.

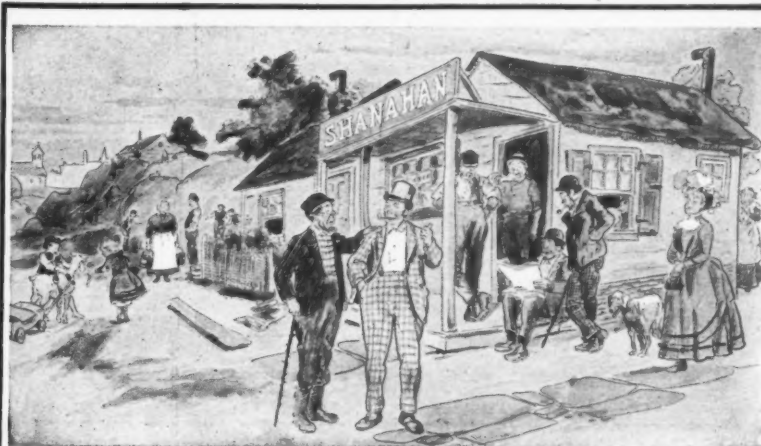
SHE.—What else can you do?

Then he blinked, and looked at her as if he wondered how far he had dropped.—*Record-Herald*.

"I'm going to do something for which this infant will be grateful to me in after life."

"What is that?"

"I'm going to see that he is never photographed minus his clothes."—*Courier-Journal*.



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HANDICAPPED.



I'll Can.

THE BEAK.—And why did you not explain all this to the constable when he arrested you?

THE YID.—Explain! Why, yer Worship, I vos handcuffed; how could I explain anything?—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"MY DEAR, that fine lot of fruit left here was, I have ascertained, sent me as a bribe. You must return it to the senders."

"But, my dear, we ate it up at our reception yesterday."

"No matter. All the more reason it should be returned."—*Balt. American*.



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GEORGE.—She sings nicely, does n't she?

TOM.—Oh, yes. When she sings they have to close the windows.

GEORGE.—My goodness! What for?

TOM.—Her voice is so sweet that it draws the flies.—*Pathfinder*.

MUNSEY is the real contributing editor in this campaign.—*Seattle Post*.

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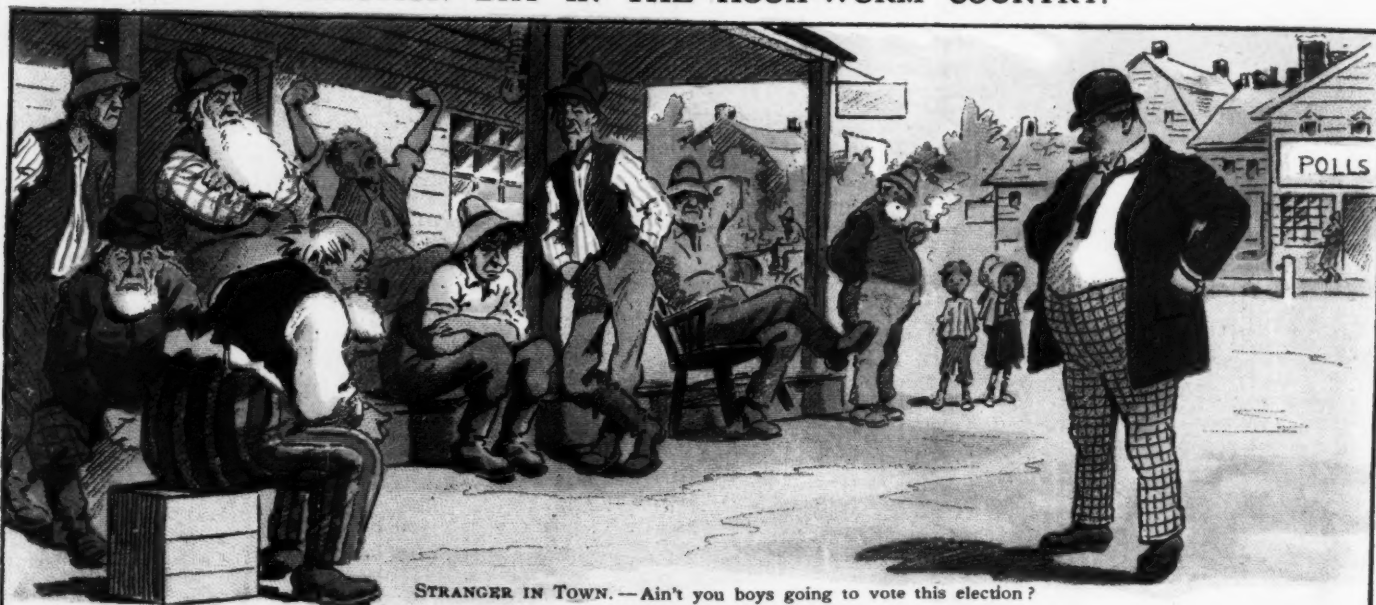
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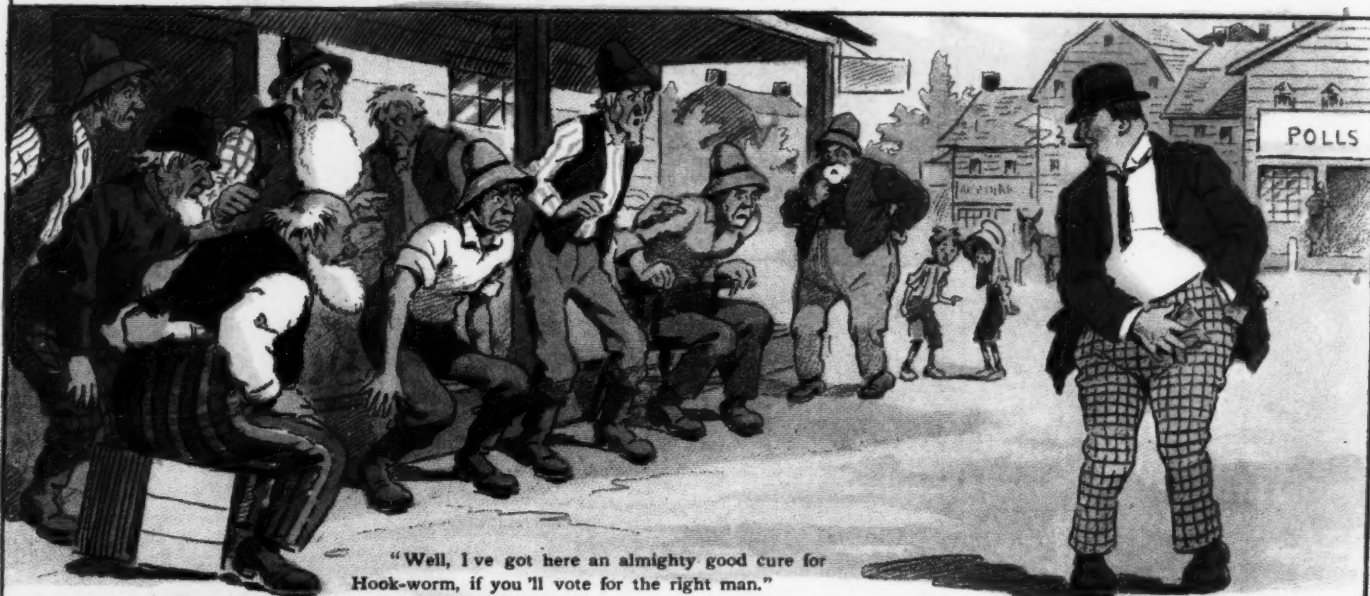
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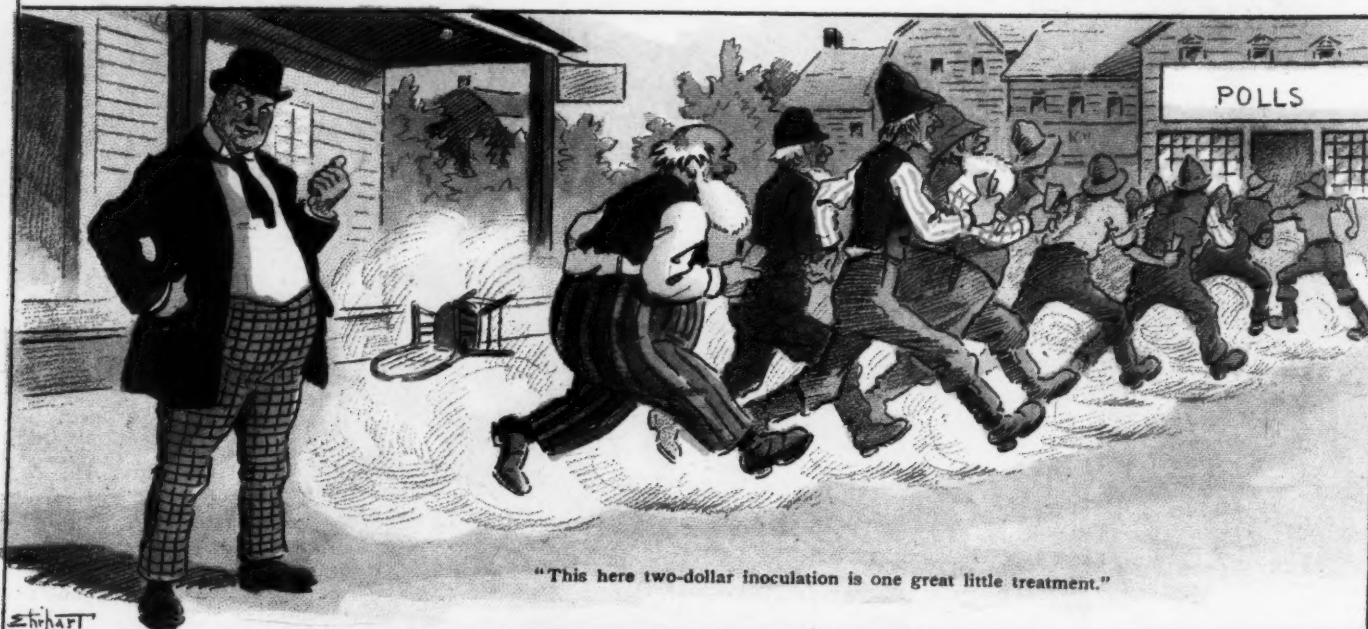
ELECTION DAY IN THE HOOK-WORM COUNTRY.



STRANGER IN TOWN. — Ain't you boys going to vote this election?
YAWNING CHORUS. — Nope! Too lazy. Hook-worm.



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